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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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NUMBER 1.

POETRY.

IT PAYS.

To wear a smiling face
Or all our little trials with
Our laughter or our frown,
Smiles b the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
It melts the frost in early spring,
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to help a worthy cause,
By making it our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
To leave in sorrow-darkened lives
No gleam of darkness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To every earnest youth;
To cheer the timid, and to give
Our courage and our truth;
To strive with sympathy and love,
To open wide their hearts,
And "let the sunshine in."
ANNA E. TRENT, in Good Cheer.

STORY TELLER.

HIGH UNTO DEATH.

warehouse of M. Justin Ber-
trand situated on the Rue Made-
line. It was supposed to be burglar-
ized when M. Bertrand put up his
and went home the safety of
troubled him but little. It ap-
peared, that on the morning of
July 15, 1849, as the watchman,
joined by a fellow officer, was
in, he noticed that one of the
had apparently been remov-
ing, and he immediately called
the attention of the other officer
to the fact. The watchman
then summoned assistance and
the body of the young man was
found in the street. The watch-
man's story on promise of being
at liberty.
The three had put up a job to
the M. Bertrand's warehouse—
the one who had escaped, and
and himself. They had en-
tered the place and were progressing
sharply when a noise startled them.
M. Bertrand, who had entered
the place to ascertain the cause of
the noise, saw the three and was
about to where the three were
when he was struck by a
bullet, which felled him lifeless to
the floor. Apparently terrified at his
act, Gaurand then rushed down
the stairs, and when he reached the middle
staircase, his head striking the cor-
ner of the counter. He fell senseless
and was carried from the building,
conveyed him to a place of secrecy,
and had just reached the street when
he remembered that they had left
nothing compromising behind, and
had gone in search of it. When the offi-
cers arrived. The rest is known. Gaurand
was remanded to be tried before
the Presiding Judge at the Tribunal.
In first, however, sent a letter to his
mother informing her of his mis-
fortune and assuring her of his inno-
cence. His mother, being enquiring to Paris,
and secured the service of M. Belot
to defend her son. The day of the trial
at length arrived. It happened how-
ever, that on that very same day a
young lawyer, Pierre Gaston, was stop-
ping in Paris, awaiting the arrival of
certain persons with whom he had im-
portant business. Not having anything
to do, he sought the court room for
the purpose of passing the time in ob-
serving the proceedings of the court.
He was seated in the gallery, where
he was met by a respectable ap-
pearing woman of about forty years of
age. The moment she saw him she
sprang forward and clasping him in
her arms, exclaimed:
"O, Henri! Henri! My boy, my
son!"
The sudden appearance of the woman
caused the officers to halt.
"Mother, why did you not wait at
the court house for me?" said the
young man, endeavoring to smother
his emotions.
"Because I did not see you there,
Henri, and I thought perhaps you
might not have your trial to-day, af-

ter all, and so I started to see you at
the jail. O, my boy, my darling,"
said the wretched woman, her voice
now broken with sobs, "are they go-
ing to try you to-day?"

"Yes, mother, I am to be tried to-
day. But calm yourself. I trust all
will be well with me, for God above
knows I am not guilty."

The woman raising herself to her
full height, with flushing eyes, an-
swered:

"You guilty, Henri! You guilty?
Who dare accuse you?"

Then hesitating, and seeming to
realize the full situation, the wretch-
ed doom that threatened her son, she
exclaimed:

"O, no, no. You are not guilty.
You cannot be, you are so good and
true. There, there. Now you look
just as you used to when on your
knees I first taught you your little
prayer in our dear old—"

"Come, come, old woman, stand
aside and don't hinder us any longer.
The young man is wanted yonder,"
said one of the officers pointing to-
wards the court house.

"O, sir," said the woman, "do
you not see that he is injured—that
he is innocent? I know he is!"

"How do you know that? Maybe
you can swear for him," said the
officer gruffly.

"Because—because I am his moth-
er, and—and I taught him his
prayer, and—"

"Yes, yes. You ain't the first
good woman who had a bad boy for a
son. Come on, my covvy, Monsieur
le Judge will see to that."

Gaston's progress was arrested by
this pathetic scene. Deeply touched
by the appearance of the mother and
son, he followed them to the court
house. Just as they were about to
ascend the steps that led to the court
house the young man paused a
moment.

"Mother," said he, "is M. Belot
going to undertake my defense?"

"Not unless we pay him in ad-
vance, and—and we have not got the
money, you know."

"O God, have mercy upon me!"
exclaimed the young man, complet-
ely breaking down. "What shall I
do?"

"Come along; don't stop to blub-
ber here. The Court will appoint
some one to defend you."

He was soon seated in the prison-
er's box to await the proceedings of
the Court.

The young lawyer followed the
officer into the court room and seated
himself behind the bar. After scan-
ning more carefully the features of
the prisoner he said to himself:
"If that young man is guilty of any
serious crime then I am no judge
of features."

Presently the loud tap announced
the approach of Monsieur le Judge.
"Officer," said the prosecuting
lawyer, "is Henry Gaurand in
court?"

"He is," was the reply.

"Has the prisoner counsel?" asked
the Judge.

"No, monsieur, I expected M. Belot
to defend me, but he refuses now."

"Why does he refuse?" asked the
Court.

"Because I have no money to pay
him," was the reply.

"Then, as you have no means to
employ counsel, the court will see
that you have counsel."

The Judge now addressed a respect-
able appearing lawyer present, but he
declined under the plea that he had
pressing business. The court then
addressed several other lawyers with
the same result. At this moment an-
other lawyer entered, to whom the
Judge said:

"Mons. Mordant, the Court de-
sires you to undertake the defence of
Henry Gaurand, the prisoner at the
bar."

Ah, yes. Your Honor can always
command my poor services; but in
view of the prisoner's means—I mean
the nature of his great offence—I
think that he had better plead guilty
and be done with it."

A sob of deep, broken-hearted an-
guish resounded through the court-
room. It was from the poor mother,
who heard in this the knell of her son's
doom.

"If the Court please I will under-
take the defence of this young man,"
said M. Gaston in a voice whose tones
attracted the attention of every one
in the court-room.

With some surprise at the youth of
young lawyer, the Judge asked if
he desired assistance, to which Gaston
replied that he would undertake the
entire charge of the defence.

The case was then adjourned on-
day to give M. Gaston an opportunity
to consult with the prisoner.

The prisoner was the only son of
the poor woman present, and she was
a widow. A few days before the
commission of the crime of which he
he was charged he came to Paris for
the purpose of obtaining employment.
He soon made the acquaintance of a
very friendly appearing man, who
took much interest in him and kindly
offered to assist him in obtaining
employment. One evening he was
invited by his friend to accompany
him and examine some personal
property he had in the Rue Madeleine
in a certain building he had rented.
Although it was quite late, Henri as-
sented. On their way his friend
overtaken another person with whom
he was acquainted, and whom he
also invited. His friend now in-
formed him that he desired to enter a
building, which he pointed out, say-
ing that it was his store, but as he
had forgotten his key he produced a
small iron bar, which he handed to
Henri, telling him to pry open one of
the shutters. In a moment the
young man understood that he was in
the presence of burglars, and horror-
stricken at the thought, he attempted
to run away; but ere he had made
two steps he received a blow on the
head which felled him to the earth
insensible.

When he returned to consciousness
he was in the office of monsieur,
the examining magistrate. From the testi-
mony of Richet he learned that the
building had been broken open and en-
tered, and that M. Bertrand, the pro-
prietor, had been murdered. Of all
that, he knew absolutely nothing. The
friendly person whom he had started
out with had made his escape, while
Richet had been captured.

The next morning the trial began.
The ex-galley repeated the same story
that he had originally told. On cross-
examination by M. Gaston, however,
at first he sustained himself, but at
length he stumbled, hesitated, and
became confused, and it was evident
that his testimony was considerably
shaken. The chief clerk of the mur-
dered man was then put on the stand,
it was learned that no blood had been
found on the floor below the one
where M. Bertrand's body was found,
and where Richet had testified that
the prisoner had struck his head on
the counter.

The officer who first discovered the
prisoner testified that on the spot
where Gaurand's head rested there
was a great pool of blood. M. Gaston
then called the surgeon, who testified
that the wound on the head of Gaurand
could not have been made as
Richet had sworn—that it was inflicted
by a club or some heavy instru-
ment.

With this evidence, the young law-
yer rested his case and it went to the
jury.
The jury retired, and after an hour's
absence returned into the court room
with a verdict of not guilty. The
great, rich reward of M. Gaston
was the almost frantic joy of the moth-
er and son.

"The God of the widow and orphan
has sent you to us, sir, in our distress,
and His blessing will descend upon
you through all your days."

"Some day I shall reward you,"
said young Gaurand. The glittering
drops which stood in his eyes evinced
his gratitude. And thus the moth-
er and son took their leave of their
generous benefactor.

Years rolled on; the coup d'état of
Dec. 2, 1851, had made and unmade
many. M. Pierre Gaston had devoted
all his energy and eloquence against
the usurper. But, like many others,
he had been crushed. His great prac-
tice in the law, that he had years
been building up, had been swept
away, as had been his fortune and his
friends. As he sat down one day in
his own dingy office, pondering over
his misfortunes and crowding his
brain for some means to obtain a suf-
ficient sum with which to start again in
life—for he was still a young man—a
gentlemanly appearing man entered.

"Do you not remember me, M. Gas-
ton?"

"I do not," was the reply.

"My name is Gaurand—Henri Gaurand—whom you once defended on a
serious charge in this city."

Another glance at the visitor con-
vinced Gaston that it was the prisoner
he had defended four years ago.

Gaurand then in a few words in-
formed his benefactor that he was a well-to-
do wine merchant; fortune had smiled
upon him and given him prosperity.
After conversing half an hour he rose
to take his leave.

"Here is a small package that my
mother, my wife and myself, have
made up for you. I trust that it will
convince you that my words to you

have not been forgotten. May God
bless you; good-bye."

He was gone, with
trembling hands M. Gaston
opened the package. It was with diffi-
culty that he could suppress his emo-
tion. There spread out on the table
before him were 5,000 francs.

"This is indeed a rich reward. In
turn, I say, God bless the widow and
orphan."

With this small fortune, M. Gaston
soon built up his practice and regain-
ed his friends, among whom he cher-
ished none dearer than Mme. and
Henri Gaurand.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The masons stop work to-day on
the Washington Monument, leaving
the shaft of the winter at the height
of 410 feet. At this elevation it is
the loftiest artificial structure on the
continent, and with a very few excep-
tions, in the world. It is now almost
the exact height of the cathedral at
Antwerp. It is higher than any speci-
men of Moslem architecture, the
highest minaret, that of the Mosque
of Sultan Hassan at Cairo, lifting its
highest point only to 282 feet above
the pavement. The highest bell-tower
in the world, Campanile of St.
Mark's at Venice, is nearly 100 feet
lower than the present shaft of the
monument. The loftiest pagoda,
the Shoemuloo at Pegu, Barmah, is
only 361 feet high. The Chinese
pagodas are still lower, the highest
rising only 250 feet from the ground.
The highest viaduct or bridge is said
to be 266 feet above the earth. Of
the few works of man which can still
look down on the unfinished trunk of
the monument are the two chimneys
of manufacturing works in Glasgow,
one 450 and the other 460 feet high;
the Campanile of St. Peter's at Rome,
455; and the Gothic Cathedral at
Amiens, 422; Hamburg, 428;
Landshut, 435; Vienna, 449; Rouen,
465; Strasburg, 468; Hamburg, 473;
and Cologne, 511. All these in turn
will be surpassed by the monument
till she towers above all the created
works of man. Its nearest neighbor
in the air will be the main tower of
the new Philadelphia city hall, which
is designed to be 535 feet above the
pavement, or only 15 feet lower than
the monument.

Now that the shaft has attained
such a growth, surpassing that of
even the biggest of the "big trees"
of Calaveras County—put down at
three hundred and seventy-six feet—
the monument has become an object
of much interest to the sight-seer, and
is visited daily by large numbers of
people. Access to the interior is free,
but visitors are not allowed to ascend
the staircases, and can only go up on
the elevator when armed with a pass.
Notwithstanding these wise safe-
guards, the workmen are much an-
noyed by the crowding upon them of
curious people, as the spaces upon the
stone shell at the top are very con-
tracted.

The ascent is made in a platform
elevator on which the marble blocks
are hoisted to the summit. The trip
is an interesting, but not an alto-
gether pleasant experience. For nine-
long minutes, one is drawn upward in
the cold, damp, dark passage, with
nothing to distract the mind from the
moral reflections, which occur to it
under such circumstances. Once at
the top, however, the view is superb.
It lacks, of course, the proportions of
mountain prospects, but has a pecu-
liar fascination from the isolation of
the standpoint. Even in a dome or a
spire the eye has objects to rest on to
break the precipice, but here the four
smooth, perpendicular walls fall in
one plane to the base, giving the
visitor a keen sense of the height of
the structure. The city lies like a
map on three sides, and beyond are
seen the hills of Maryland and Vir-
ginia, till lost in blue distance. Such
ordinary elevations as the Depart-
ment buildings or business structures
are dwarfed to footstools, and the vis-
itor makes patronizing comments on
even the dome of the Capitol.

Col. Casey, under whose efficient
direction the shaft has progressed
thus far without error or accident, is
now preparing his report covering the
year's work. At this time he cannot
give the results in detail from an en-
gineering standpoint. At the conclu-
sion of work last fall, when the mon-
ument had risen to a height of 340 feet,
the total pressure borne by the bed of
foundation was 74,871 tons, or about
92-100 of the total pressure to be finally
placed upon it. Hence the addi-
tional weight of this year has been
comparatively small. The settlement

up to December, 1882, was an aver-
age about one inch and a quarter for
the structure.—Washington Star.

The Horse Must Go.

A St. Louis inventor claims to have
completed a piston movement like
that of the steam engine, to which,
however, electricity, instead of steam,
is to be applied. It has four mag-
nets, which act alternately in attract-
ing and repelling the piston. It is
proposed to apply it to cabs, street
cars, yachts, etc. It will have a stor-
age battery capable of running twen-
ty-four hours. The great desidera-
rum in locomotion now is a small,
cheap, convenient motor for vehicles
in cities. Horse-power in its literal
not its mechanical sense, is behind
the age. There is no more reason
why the cars, carriages and cars of a
paved city should be drawn by so ex-
pensive and awkward a power as
horses than why warehouse elevators
should be hoisted and lowered by a
man power, or saw mills be operated
compactly away under the vehicle
would be as progressive a mechanical
device as the sewing machine. For
in health and cleanliness alone it
would be a blessing. Nearly the
whole of the mud and dust in city
streets is the result of using horses;
and their shoes pound and tear the
pavements to pieces quite as much as
the wheels of vehicles. The day will
come, perhaps, when even the pre-
sent generation will see all vehicles in
large towns and cities propelled by
electricity, and a horse be only an ob-
ject of luxury or curiosity.

The Little Old Lady Traveler.

We stop at a quiet country side
that has recently achieved a station
and a little old grandmother comes
among us. A farm wagon is at a re-
spectful distance with a careful old
man holding the bits of the fat and
sleepy horses, who do not even dream
of being frightened. The little old
lady calls out something to the dis-
tant old man, who smiles in the
doubtful way of one who doesn't
understand a word, and she would like
to linger on the platform and say
more parting words to the elderly
daughter who has come to see her off,
but the brakeman gently assists her
within and slams the door. She gives
a little stagger as the train moves on,
sinks into the first vacant seat and
turning to the window nods to her
daughter, who smiles back reassur-
ingly. A kindly gentleman leans for-
ward and tells her of a better seat
further down, and carries her large
covered basket for her, and partly
lowers the blinds where the sun is
streaming in. People are always
kind to the very old and the very
young; it is the forlorn middle-aged
who are permitted to care for them-
selves.

Our grandmother sits down with
a chirping "thank ye"—she is not
of the age that says "thanks"—and
looks curiously about her. Possibly
she had never rode in the cars, for
her old eyes are full of childlike won-
der and surprise; and she has quite a
long explanation from the conductor
before she yields her ticket to him,
and she watches him tear off a part
of it as if he were doing a great mis-
chief. She even appeals to a fellow
passenger—after the smiling official
had passed on—to know if everything
is all right, and calmed by his cheer-
ful assurance, she smiles too, and
admits that she ain't used to travel-
ing."

A quaint picture she is!—her shir-
red black silk bonnet is twenty years
old if a day, but it has a fresh ruche
inside and glossy new strings; the
black silk shawl pinned across her
breast with a round gold brooch is of
the kind you remember seeing in your
childhood, and her dress is a soft
silken alpaca that can be an old lady's
best dress for many years and give
little sign of wear. People, sitting
near her, if given to noticing trifles,
can detect a faint, homely, clean odor
as of dried mint and lavender. She
looks at the ingeniously hung lamps,
the pretty transparencies in the upper
windows, and passes her hand gently
over the velvet upholstery—smiling a
little retrospective sort of smile.
Perhaps she is thinking of the old
stage days, or of the time years and
years ago when she and her husband
traveled by canal and lake and river
and possibly by an ox-cart into these
far Western wilds and set up their
humble new home with little capital
but strong hands and brave hearts.—
Peck's Sun.

Value of Old Coins.

Fabulous sums are sometimes paid
for rare coins; but, as a general
thing, there seems to be a fixed price
for coins of certain dates and demoni-
cations, provided they are in good con-
dition. Of the United States silver
dollars, the dollar of 1794 is worth
\$50; of 1804, \$75; 1836, \$5; 1838,
\$20; 1839, \$20; 1851, \$40; 1852,
\$40; 1854, \$5; 1855, \$5; 1858, \$50.
All other dates bring only \$1.25 to
\$2. Half-dollars of 1796 and 1797
are very rare, and worth from \$25 to
\$75, according to condition. The
1794, 1815, 1836, milled edged, and
1852 half-dollars are much in de-
mand, and, if fine, bring \$5 and
more. Of quarters, the 1796 and
1804 are highly valued in fine preser-
vation. The 1828 is very rare, and
worth \$50. The dimes of 1800 and
1804 realize easily \$5, and the half-
dimes of 1802 is considered a bargain
at \$100. Copper cents of 1793 may
be had as low as twenty-five cents, but
in sharp, uncirculated condition,
bring \$50 or more. Cents of 1794,
1795, 1796, and 1797 are common,
but those of 1799 are worth \$50 and
more, if fine. A fine cent of 1804 is
equally rare, and the issue of 1800,
1811, and 1823 are not rare, but very
desirable in fine and sharp condition.
Of half-cents the 1796 is worth \$25 to
\$50, while the other issue regular are
very common. The small nickel cent
of 1856, with the flying eagle, is
worth, fine, \$1.50.—From the Argosy.

His Heavy Helmet.

One of Professor Reynolds' best ex-
periments is to put one of his subjects
in a state of catalepsy, and while
thus stiffened out like a stick, to
place his head on one chair and his
feet on another. In this condition
the subject is rigid, and the Professor
in his demonstration stands with his
full weight on his subject's stomach.
A prominent Blackstone Block lawyer
who had seen the performance, went
home with a skeptical view of its
genuineness. "That's easy enough,"
he remarked, "and I'll prove it."
So he got three chairs, spread out his
full length on them, and called his
wife, who weighs a little over one
hundred and ninety pounds in the
shade. "Dear, you just take this
middle chair out from under me," he
said, and when that was done he had
braced up for the real test he con-
tinued, "now sit down with your
entire weight on my stomach, and I'll
show this mesmerist that there's
nothing wonderful in this trick?"
"Are you sure you can hold me?"
inquired his anxious wife with some
hesitancy. "Now you just sit down
and never fear about my holding
you." Then without stopping to argue
longer, the loving wife came
down as he had requested, with her
entire weight on his stomach. In an
instant the Blackstone Block law-
yer was writhing like a King's
jester on the floor, and when in about
fifteen minutes more he had caught
his breath long enough to speak, he
faintly asked his wife if she had lost
her senses entirely or if she wanted to
kill him outright.—Cleveland Voice.

A Farmer's Fine Work.

Mr. George Mexeur, a Bloomfield
farmer, has made his mark in another
and very different field of work. He
has just finished an unique piece of
furniture in the shape of a secretary.
Mr. Mexeur has been nine years at
work on this, and as it was all made
entirely with a jack-knife, it is no
wonder that it took so long. No
count has been kept of the number of
pieces of wood in it, and it would be
impossible to count them now. Fifty-
two different kinds of wood were used.
The panels are filled with all sorts of
designs—cattle, horses, birds, fishes,
trees, flowers, books, chairs, tables,
spoons, forks, stars, triangles, squares,
fruits, houses, flags, guns, cannons,
in fact everything that one could im-
agine. It is beautifully polished and
finished with gold-plated locks,
handles for drawers, hinges, &c. The
interior of the secretary is made en-
tirely of perfumed woods, and is fitted
up with several secret drawers. Mr.
Mexeur values this curious product at
\$3,000.—Hartford Times.

BLESSED is he who has found his
work. Let him ask no other blessed-
ness; he has a life-purpose. Labor is
life.

I CAN NOT praise a fugitive and
cloistered virtue, unexercised and un-
breathed, that never sallies out and
seeks her adversary.—Milton.

One Hundred and Nine Years Old.

Independence, Mo., can doubtless
boast of the oldest man in the State,
in the person of Christopher Mann,
who, with his posterity celebrated his
109th birthday on Sunday. Since
1843 this aged man has lived in this
county on a farm. One and a half
miles north of the city, and yet has in
control the farm, superintending its
cultivation. In honor to the aged sire
who has so long known this county
as his home, and sustained such an
enviable reputation, the children of
him and the neighbors visited him and
surprised him most agreeably on his
birthday by their presence and a re-
past spread upon the lawn. Mr.
Mann, though his mind has been con-
sidered somewhat impaired, fully ap-
preciated the efforts of his friends to
make his declining years a pleasure to
him, and his feelings were plainly
seen to be emotions of pleasure. He
was surrounded by children, grand-
children, great-grandchildren, great-
great-grandchildren, and his loving
wife, who with him has shared
"all life's joys and sorrows." He
has been married twice, and is the
father of twenty-six children,
seventeen of whom are now living,
the oldest being seventy-two, and
the youngest seventeen. Forty grand-
children, fourteen great-grand chil-
dren, and five great-great-grand chil-
dren claim him as their ancestor.
Four generations descending from
him were represented at the meeting
yesterday.

Mr. Mann is enjoying good health
and apparently will enjoy many other
anniversaries of his birth, which oc-
curred in Virginia, at a time when
Virginia had not been divided into
counties. In Kentucky he
lived, and was an associate of Daniel
Boone.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Printer's Busy Hand.

A Russian statistician has amused
himself calculating the distance travel-
ed in a year by the hand of a printer.
He takes the principle that a skillful
compositor, working ten hours a day,
allowing for distributing and correc-
tion, sets up 12,000 letters. In count-
ing the year at 300 working days, he
makes them a total 3,600,000 letters.
Consequently the distance from the
case to the stick and the stick to the
case being estimated at two feet, makes
in all 7,200,000 feet, there being 23,-
500 feet in a geographical mile, so
that the distance made in a year under
these conditions by a printer's hand is
in the neighborhood of 300 miles, or
a mile a day.

Pearls of Thought.

The jewel of assurance is best kept
in the cabinet of an humble heart.

If every year we rooted out one vice
we should become almost perfect men.
The certain way to be cheated, is to
fancy one's self more cunning than
others.

God is never more effectually per-
formed than when it is produced by
slow degrees.

Men who mind their own business
usually succeed, because there is little
competition.

Conscience is the anthem of the
soul, but the passions are under con-
trol of the body.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing
quality. It has been called the bright
weather of the heart.

The power of a man's virtue should
should not be measured by his special
efforts, but by his ordinary doing.

Some men are as covetous as if they
were to live forever; and others as
profligate as if they were to die the next
moment.

Criminal Gain.

Your boards are great, your walls are strong,
The gilded chambers built by wrong
Invite the rust.

What! know ye not the gain of crime
Is dust and dross?
It ventures on the waves of time,
Foredoomed to loss.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

"Prune thou thy word, thy thought's control
That ore thee sweet and strong,
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong."

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word He speeds;
And truth, at His requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds."

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth wear our Father's temple.
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

—Whittier.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1894.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 87 Nassau Street, New York) is issued every Monday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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A Glance Backward, and "A Happy New Year."

Once again we greet our readers at the opening of another year, and send forth the initial number of Volume XIII. The year just closed has been an eventful one in the history of the deaf and dumb. It has marked the consummation of the Garfield Memorial project; it has brought to successful issue the Second National Convention of Deaf Mutes; it has been dignified by the grave and important deliberations of the International Congress at Brussels; it has been memorable by the founding of the New Jersey Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the appropriation of a sum of money by the Legislature of Florida for the education of its deaf-mute children; it has been made remarkable by the elevation to the priesthood of two deaf-mute preachers (Rev. Henry Winter Syle, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Rev. Anstin W. Mann, of Cleveland, O.); it has marked an era in the literature of the deaf and dumb by the publication of a volume of poems by Miss Angie Fuller, which is the third book of poetry that has been written by a semi-mute (the other two are "Sweet Bells Jangled," by Mrs. Lunna C. Redden Searing, and "Heart Echoes," by Miss Alice C. Jennings); it has brought into existence a widespread desire to honor and commemorate those pioneers of deaf-mute education, Gallaudet and Clerc; it has recorded the establishment of the now celebrated Gallaudet Club; it has been made pleasant by innumerable picnics and levees in all parts of the country; it has been made sad by the loss of several faithful and eminent teachers of the deaf and dumb; it has been darkened by the internal dissensions in the Virginia Institution, and scandalized by the disgraceful proceedings at the Institution at Colorado Springs; and, lastly, it has been a year of unprecedented success and prosperity for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The JOURNAL has kept a faithful record of all happenings of interest that concerned the deaf and dumb. It has been our policy to uphold all good projects, and to denounce all impositions upon the public by deaf-mute and vice versa. In the publication of a newspaper like the JOURNAL, it is of great importance that truth and fairness alone be practised. We are glad when we can say a good word for our deaf-mute brethren. It is a pleasure to record their successes, and to give praise where it is deserved. In a word, it is our highest ambition to publish every thing that will conduce to the welfare of the deaf and dumb.

Apart from the deaf-mute intelligence, the poetry, articles and stories published on the first and fourth pages, are selected with the special aim in view to instruct as well as to entertain the reader, and many a pleasant and profitable hour can be passed in their perusal.

We trust that fortune will smile on all our readers during the year 1894, and that each one will do his best to make the JOURNAL greater, better, stronger and more widely circulated than it ever yet has been. We wish all of our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Kansas Star has copied the Colorado Index, both in its style of heading and general make-up. It comes out, just as old 1893 is expiring, in an entirely new dress. If the Star keeps up its present appearance, it will take second rank to none of the Institution papers published. Hitherto no fault could be found with its selections and printed articles, they were always good, and now under the brightening influence of neat and beautiful printing, the Star bids fair to twinkle with three-fold intensity and to be correspondingly appreciated.

ITEMIZER.

NEWS FROM EVERY STATE IN THE UNION.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark them to be sent to The Itemizer.

Mrs. S. M. Brown, of Harlem, is said to be seriously ill.

Mr. Irwin Blood, of Chicago, will visit his mother-in-law soon.

Philip M. Parcella, formerly of Boston, is an upholsterer at the Lincoln House in Broadway, New York.

Mr. Weinberger, of New York City, went to Nebraska last Friday. If he likes the country he will reside there permanently.

Dr. W. E. Hawk, of Detroit, Mich., also Hon. M. A. Martindale, of Elkhart, Ind., spent Merry Xmas at St. Sullivan's Home in Chicago.

James McGuinness, of Providence, R. I., was kicked in the head by a horse and is now confined in a hospital. It is feared that he cannot recover.

Mrs. A. Koffman, of New York City, who formerly lived in Lafayette, Indiana, would like to hear from Miss Miranda J. McQuena, who lived in Watouville, Ind.

Antin T. Fish is spending a week in New Hampshire and Vermont. He received an elegant and large Holy Bible from George V. Jones & Co., of Boston, as a Christmas present.

Professor William G. Jones is to lecture before the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union on Wednesday evening, January 16th, 1894. Entrance to rooms 39 West 16th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. An admission fee of 10 cents will be charged to go to the Peet-Bud Fund.

Mrs. Cutting and Mrs. Houghton, both of Amherst, Mass., and sister and cousin respectively of Mr. W. H. Green, accompanied him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, to visit his aged mother. They found her eyes much improved, and hope that she will be out in two weeks. She will live with Mrs. Cutting till spring, and then return to Worcester.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of December 24th, there was another terrible railway accident on the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville road at Poneto, thirty-one miles south of Fort Wayne, Ind. Engine No. 7, Pan O'Neil conductor, struck a deaf-mute named Samuel Grove, aged seventeen years, who was walking on the track and of course unable to hear the warning shriek of the whistle. He was terribly mangled, and when the engine was stopped, Conductor J. H. Dolan found the poor lad huddled upon the pilot, bleeding profusely. He was taken to the residence of his relatives at Poneto, and the surgeon says he can not recover.

The train men of course are to be acquitted of all blame. Engineer O'Neil sounded the whistle when he perceived Grove on the track, but the unfortunate fellow could not hear the warning and was struck.—Fort Wayne Gazette.

MUTE WEDDING.

INTERESTING CEREMONY AT GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Cleveland Herald, December 26.

A wedding ceremony of more than ordinary interest was performed at 10 o'clock last Wednesday morning in connection with the annual Christmas services at Grace Protestant Episcopal Church. The parties most interested were Mr. A. Dudley Hayes, of Wheeling, W. Va., and Miss Grace Olive Smith, sister of Mrs. Rev. W. Mann, of this city. The groom, Mr. Hayes, is teacher in the Deaf-Mute Institute at Rome, and though able to speak he can not hear a sound. Miss Smith, the bride, is unable to either hear or talk, consequently the marriage ceremony had to be performed by the sign language. To the music of the organ, the bride and groom entered the church. At the door they were joined by three hand-maiden dressed in white and three bridesmaids, who preceded the couple as they took their places at the altar steps, while the Rev. George W. Hinkle, rector of the parish, read the marriage service, which Rev. A. W. Mann, the deaf-mute minister of this city, interpreted at the same time the sign language at the close of these interesting services the Right Rev. Bishop Bedell pronounced the blessing. Besides the bride and groom, there were present about forty deaf-mutes. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, the newly-wedded pair, departed for Rome, their future home, last Wednesday evening.

The following account is from the Cleveland Leader:

On an interesting service was performed yesterday morning at Grace Church, corner of Erie and Huron streets, the occasion being the nuptial ceremonies of Miss Grace Olive Smith and A. Dudley Hayes. The marriage service was first performed by Rev. A. W. Mann, a deaf-mute, both the contracting parties being afflicted in the same manner. The marriage was conducted in the sign language, the questions and responses being given with the rapid motion of hands and fingers. Besides a large number of deaf-mutes in the congregation from this city and vicinity, there were a great many who could not understand the sign language, and for their benefit the Rev. Mr. Hinkle read the marriage ceremony. Another peculiar feature of the occasion was that the bride-maid and groomsmen, three couples, were little children, and they acquitted themselves in the most creditable manner. The bride is a sister of Mr. Mann, and Mr. Hayes, the groom, is a teacher in the West Virginia school for deaf-mutes, located at Romney, and also has charge of the printing establishment connected with the school. Bishop Bedell was present and pronounced the benediction. The pair left last night for their future home at Romney, W. Va.

Among those present at this wedding was Mrs. Hanson, of Oberlin, Ohio. Mr. J. H. Fowler, of Wellington, W. Va., a classmate of the groom, came too late to witness it.

Mo-se Heyman sports an opera hat.

Mrs. W. A. Jackson is visiting her parents in New York City.

John H. Stoddard, of Wellington, O., says he will box any deaf-mute in the United States with gloves.

George Hargrave, the brother of Albert C., is in St. Mary's, Georgia, for his health. He will stay all the winter, and will come home in the spring.

Mrs. G. A. Converse is attending her sister, Mrs. Libby, of Fitchburg, who was severely injured by being thrown from her carriage.—Courier, Fitchburg, Mass.

A correspondent writes that Messrs. Holmes and White received fifteen cents each in honor for each person who took dinner at Copeland's at the Gallaudet and Clerc Celebration in Boston.

Two young Brooklyn girls arrested for shop-lifting on December 29th, while in a court room, conversed with each other by the manual alphabet. They both could hear and speak.

In social circles it is stated that Miss Nellie Varney, a deaf-mute, who, by the by, is an intelligent and beautiful young lady, is next month to be led to the altar by a gentleman of Nashua, who is also a deaf-mute.—Courier and Advertiser, Rochester, N. H.

Mr. Moody, of Lebanon Center, a deaf-mute, has been visiting his friend, Johnnie Giddens. Mrs. Moody is also a deaf-mute. They have a family of bright boys, who are good scholars, with no defect in hearing or speech.—Courier and Advertiser, Rochester, N. H.

Will T. F. W., of Lock, Cayuga Co., N. Y., who wrote the two beautiful verses to the Elmira Sunday Telegram, Nov. 25th, 1893, and which were published in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Dec. 13, 1893, please send name and P. O. address to Eliza Morehouse, Ovid, Mich.

Mr. Henry M. Fairman, a resident of Hartford and a graduate of the American Asylum, for the present, fills the place rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Crossett. The choice is an excellent one, and we trust Mr. Fairman will render satisfaction to the officers of the Asylum.

As Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Libby were riding on B-n-street, near the Davis soap shop, on Thursday evening, the horse slipped, sending the buggy partly upon one side and throwing both occupants out. Mr. Libby was not injured, but Mrs. Libby received painful injuries, though no bones were broken. The horse turned into an orchard, and after going a short distance came back to the street and stopped, partly upon a wood pile. The buggy and harness were somewhat damaged.—Fitchburg Sentinel.

On Thursday, the 27th, ult., Rev. John Turner got back in Staunton, Va., after an absence of five weeks, during which time he had a nice trip. On Sunday, the 30th, he conducted the forenoon and afternoon chapel services at the Virginia Institution. A day or two before he officiated there, Principal Boller sent him a post card in which he said: "Your postal the 24th inst. at hand. It will afford us a very great pleasure to have you occupy our chapel in religious services at the times you indicate. Indeed we will always be glad to see you here on that or any other mission that may occasion your visiting the Institution."

The boys played a trick on an old deaf and dumb organ grinder the other day in London. They took out the cylinder, and he went around the streets stopping before every door and grinding away with a vim. He was surprised at the amount he had taken; everybody contributed liberally, and he noticed that he wasn't ordered off once, nor was one balloon set on him; he had never seen the people in such good humor, and didn't know why it was until in the evening he opened up his machine to oil it and drive in a few loose notes here and there; but, instead of getting mad and using up all the deaf and dumb vocabulary, he took the hint and now goes around grinding his empty organ, and is doing more business than all the other wholesale music merchants in town.

Two Years Behind Prison Bars

George Kreibitz, arrested by Officer Friele, was charged with assault in the third degree. Kreibitz is a man about 23 years of age and is a both deaf and dumb. This, however, did not prevent him from having a very ugly disposition. He lives with his mother on Bryan Street. One day last week he killed a number of hens, by cutting their heads off. He then refused to allow his mother to dress them, and threatened to kill her if she did so. His mother's name is Catherine, and Louis Aizer made the complaint against him. When arrested a razor was found on him. When arraigned he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to serve one year in the Albany County Penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$400, to stand committed until paid to the extent of \$400 additional.—Union, N. Y., Daily Press, Dec. 25, 1893.

This is his third sentence, about three years ago he was sentenced to the Syracuse Penitentiary for six months, where he served his time. Shortly after his release he was arrested for assault and battery on a man, because she refused to let him have two dollars, and a man sentenced to the County House at Rome, from which last Institution he made his escape after he had only served a month, and after he had been appointed Assistant Baker by the State, at a salary of \$10. per month and board. Now his last sentence to the Albany Penitentiary is most deserving to him, since leaving Rome he has been a drunkard, and the life of a hard-drinking loafer, depending wholly upon his aged mother for support and maintenance. His only business was that of going about the city making trash at all the resident mutes, and particularly against a young lady who graduated from the New York School of two years ago, because she would not notice his attentions to her. Utica mutes now breathe easier that he will remain behind the bars for the next two years.

A Pantomime in Court.

"Dummy" a Long Island newsmen, was arrested Saturday night in the Hunter's Point depot. He had pulled out a revolver and commenced to fire promiscuously. The passengers scattered, and when Officer Cody arrived he found Dummy with the smoking revolver in his hand enacting an entire act to himself. Judge Kavanagh charged him. The prisoner being a deaf-mute, a pantomime had to be performed in the court-room, in which Dummy and Judge Kavanagh, his clerk and the policeman, took star parts.—N. Y. World, Jan. 1, 1894.

MARRIED.

At Grace Church, Cleveland, on Christmas, by Rev. A. W. Mann, assisted by the Right Rev. and G. T. Bell, D. D., Bishop of Ohio, and the Rev. G. W. Hinkle, rector of the parish, Mr. A. Dudley Hayes, of West Virginia Institution, and Miss Grace Olive Smith, of Cleveland.

The dashing and ubiquitous Robert D. Livingston made calls in New York City on New Year's Day.

Varnum B. Wright, of Nashua, N. H., has received a letter from Frank Damon, who went to Florida, on November 8th. He is now in Melbourne, Fla.

Thomas Brown stayed over night at the home of Varnum B. Wright, in Nashua, N. H., both when going and when returning from the Gallaudet and Clerc celebration in Boston.

It is rumored that Prof. George Morede Teegarden, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, will shortly be married to a young deaf-mute lady who was formerly one of his pupils.

Mr. A. E. Volker was married to Miss Lizzie M. Cole, of Concord, N. H., on December 24th. They visited friends in Nashua, N. H., and Boston, Mass., and intend to live in Manchester, N. H.

Mr. W. H. Green, of Worcester, Mass., writes:—"We went to Boston to attend the Birthday Anniversaries of the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Laurent Clerc. It was very fine and successful."

J. W. Hess, of Hagerstown, Md., spent his holidays in Franklin Co., Pa. He enjoyed himself very much with visiting relatives, as he had not been in that country for four years. He returned home last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. ... the day after the Convention in Boston, December 17th, to Stoughton, to spend the holidays with her sister, and on Christmas night there was a tree beautifully filled with nice presents. Both Mr. and Mrs. Green received many nice presents. They got home last Saturday evening, and had a splendid time.

Paul S. Morley, a popular printer of the Oil City Derrick office, went to visit his parents at Sharpville during the Christmas week, but to his surprise got a telegram from the foreman of the Derrick office on Wednesday, announcing his back as four printers were absent, and his services were needed. He regrets that he was unable to attend the service held at Sharon, Pa., on the evening of December 28th, by the Rev. Mr. Mann. He has had a steady job since last October, and makes good wages.

The Nucleus is the title of a modest little bi-weekly paper of four pages, commercial notice, just started by pupils of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes in this city. Harry Van Allen is the editor and M. Minkie the publisher. The publication is "devoted to the interests of the Institution and its pupils," and the "nucleus" is to gather whatever journalistic talent there may be in the institution to form a more pretentious sheet. We want to put our little contemporary on the back and wish it all the prosperity its projectors contemplate to win for it.—Rome Sentinel.

THE LICK TELESCOPE.

It appears, writes a correspondent, that the project of building great telescopes is easier in the conception than in the final execution. Twelve months ago I visited Mr. Alvin Clark's optical works at Cambridgeport, Mass., and saw the great Streuve object glass and colossal tube pointed towards a celestial object, and after the Clarks I was the first to test its power.

It was still in the workshop, but worked to a marvellous degree, giving that the most delicate and artistic touches had still to be added. Yet it must be confessed that an astronomical telescope directed at a fixed star is one of the most disappointing things to look through, and even with the biggest telescope objective which ever left the hands of the optician, there was no exception to this rule. With all its powers, this wonder and masterpiece of the Clarks was unable to resolve the disc of the far-off star, and in this respect it was on a level with a little dollar instrument, a mere plaything in the hands of a child. Its wonderful light-gathering properties, however, were startling, and the feeble rays of the star were increased to a blaze of light. It has since been delivered to Professor Streuve, and in his hands and under his able management, fine work may be expected from this noble instrument.

But on a table in the workshop was placed the great telescope objective, three feet in diameter, made for the Lick Observatory in California, which in size would dwarf the king of telescopes, ready to start for Russia.

It may not be known to all that acromatic object glasses are made of two distinct lenses, one made of flint glass the other of the crown glass, the two combined making the perfect lens. In this instance the flint glass lens was only present, its companion being daily expected from France. A few days ago I wrote to Mr. Clark asking what progress he had made with the Lick objective, hoping, as the preparations in California were so advanced, that the lens was nearly finished. The pupils will probably be surprised to hear that the first chip of the glass has still to be made, and that the lens I saw last year in its crude state still remains in the same condition.

It appears that the crown glass lens has not yet arrived, and Mr. Clark dare not attempt the labor of polishing the immense flint portion until he is assured that the companion is forthcoming. When it will be ready, if ever, appears to be a problem to be solved only by time.

There is no doubt about the ability of the Clarks to grind and polish the objective if the material ever reaches their hands; but the difficulty in obtaining a solid disc of crown glass three feet in diameter, perfect in all respects, can hardly be appreciated. Even the Streuve glass, which was smaller, had a bad flaw in it right in the centre. Mr. Clark offered to order another disc, but Mr. Streuve, fearing the long delay, accepted the lens in that state.

It will thus be seen that, however forward the observatory may be, a long time may elapse before the great 36 inch Lick telescope will be in position interpreting the mysteries of the heavens.

Manhattan Literary Association.

Its Third Grand Levee.

SILENT MERRYMAKERS AT LYRIC HALL.

Who Were There and What They Did.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

The honorable members of that ancient and staid organization, which has upheld the dignity of the mute population of New York City for many years, have, for the past few weeks, been experiencing all the delights and wretchedness of expectation. Their Third Grand Levee had monopolized their business meetings to the exclusion of nearly every other matter of importance, and it was with a feeling of relief, not unmixed with exaltation, that the doors of Lyric Hall were thrown open on Friday evening, December 27th, for the reception of the confidently-expected vast multitude of deaf-mutes.

But the M. L. A. was doomed to disappointment.

As the minute hand of the clock moved steadily towards the hour of nine, a look of melancholy, bordering on consternation, settled down upon the handsome features of the members as it became decidedly apparent that not one-half the number who had been present at like entertainments in preceding years, would participate in his one. The dignified gentleman who gracefully presided over the ticket stand, looked considerably more rigid than customarily, albeit he made spasmodic endeavors to whistle a cheerful lay and appear unconcerned. The members of the Committee of Arrangements, who, to their credit, labored long and arduously for the success of the undertaking, were unmistakably unhappy, and betrayed the agitated state of their feelings by many an anxious look towards the large swinging doors which opened out to admit the crowd with the shakles.

About two hundred persons occupied seats at nine o'clock when Mr. Charles Bryan, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, introduced President Wilkinson, who made a short welcoming address. The principal feature of the evening, as it very properly may be called, was a theatrical entertainment given by Prof. W. G. Jones, assisted by several members of the High Class of the New York Institution. The play was entitled "Vol-au-Vent," and illustrated the hardships of a courtship where the lass was willing but the old man wasn't. Following are the characters: Vol-au-Vent (a lazy servant), W. G. Jones; Old Brown (Boss of Mill), W. L. Bingham; Lisa (The Dangler), T. I. Lounsbury; Pierre (Foreman of Millers), A. L. Thoms; Milner (W. H. Rose, Neg. of J. L. Jones, Jr.), C. Miller; B. L. Jones, Jr., J. L. Jones; Negro woman, J. L. Jones; Irish, J. L. Jones; Policeman, U. G. Dunn.

The play occupied exactly one hour, and taking into consideration that the narrowness of the stage sadly interfered with the successful carrying out of many of the principal parts, it was a success, and provoked considerable merriment among the appreciative audience. The acting of Prof. Jones, the "star," was up to its usual high standard. Messrs. W. L. Bingham and Lounsbury, as well as Mr. Thomas, acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. As soda water drinkers and hard-luck drinkers, the remainder of the actors distinguished themselves.

Whatever thanks are due for the successful result of the entertainment belong by right to the efforts of Mr. Franklin Campbell, he having worked early and late to insure its prosperous issue. Owing to the lateness of the hour, a laughable play, entitled "The Skeleton," in which Mr. C. was to have assumed the principal role, was not enacted.

At a little after ten o'clock, the faces of the members of Drum Major Hill's Band were seen to suddenly grow red and the Grand March was struck up. Then followed the order of dancing which was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

OVERTURE, HILL'S ORCHESTRA.

1 GRAND MARCH, To M. L. A.

2 LANCERS, Beggar Student, Milwaukee

3 QUADRILLE, Visions, Farbach

4 QUADRILLE, Medley, Schenck

5 WALTZ, Robin Nest Again, Howard

6 LANCERS, Saratoga, Strauss

7 SCHOTTISCHE, Charity, Strauss

8 WALTZ, Love's Confession, Walden

9 QUADRILLE, Bijouette, Strauss

10 GALOP, The Club, Wiegand

11 LANCERS, Prince Metusalem, Strauss

12 WALTZ, Medley, Hill

INTERMISSION.

Part Second.

OVERTURE, HILL.

1 RE-ENTREE, To Our Friends

2 LANCERS, Iolanthe, Sullivan

3 WALTZ, Robin Nest Again, Howard

4 QUADRILLE, Cordellia Aspirations, Brahms

5 GALOP, Ingenuefence, Strauss

6 LANCERS, Saratoga, Strauss

7 WALTZ, Bye Bye Baby, Bye Bye, Strauss

8 QUADRILLE, Lowland, Medley

9 SCHOTTISCHE, Happy Nigs, Ross

10 LANCERS, Journey through Africa, Hill

11 WALTZ, Violets Bloom, Supple

12 QUADRILLE, Medley, Hill

HOME SWEET HOME.

Edward Beardsley was floor manager, assisted by Charles Martin, and while these gentlemen may have had a wealth of experience, they certainly did not know how to manage a deaf-

mute crowd to the best advantage in the grand march. However, we presume it was to be expected under the circumstances.

ALL SORTS.

The supper furnished by the popular caterer, Terhune, was universally pronounced the best ever received for the low price of fifty cents. The tables were well filled, and very few left the building to nibble crackers and cheese at the corner grocery.

Chairman Bryan read a telegram from Mr. D. H. Brophy, of Hingham, Ct., who regretted that he was unable to join in the festivities. This gentleman's cheerful face had always been a distinguishing feature of the M. L. A.'s entertainments.

Prof. Mann, of the New York Institution, and his newly-made companion for veal or for woe, were congratulated on all sides by friends and acquaintances.

Connecticut contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion through her representatives, Messrs. Manger, Rizer, Stoffel, and Mr. and Mrs. Leek. Young Rizer and a button-hole bouquet were frugal in the extreme.

"Chip" took his first lesson in dancing from Miss Clara Wheeler, a charming young lady relative of Mrs. E. A. Hodgson. He completely demoralized the set.

Probably no man present underwent more hand-haking than Mr. Jacques Leew. His benevolent and handsome face is a magnet of the most pronounced type.

Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, as also her sister, Miss Floey Jones, went through the Lancers beautifully.

Theo A. Froelich was disconsolate. A far away Philadelphia light gleamed in his eye.

Miss Bella Fiagg, of Boston, Mass., who intends to enlighten Gotham society throughout the winter, was on hand, and held a miniature reception in the ladies' cloak room.

The members of the Catholic Literary Union were present in strong force, and led the retreat at 3 A. M.

A pair of pumps, two long legs encased in tight-fitting pants, a cut-away coat, an infant moustache and a tremendous thwack on our spinal column, were sufficient to remind us that rollicking Johnny O'Brien was out.

The only Philadelphia whom we noticed present, was Mr. So Bachrich. The rest were not all dead, but sleeping.

Vivacious Miss Howard, of the New Jersey School, received her quota of attention.

A few of the ladies' toilets were elegant. Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, Miss Katie Brink and Miss Georgie Loomis were beautifully attired, the first in blue broadcloth velvet and satin, the second in white silk and lace, and the third in dark blue silk.

No speeches were made, although there were many gentlemen present. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet among the number, who could have contributed to the enjoyment of all by a little oratory.

Mrs. John Carlin and Mrs. Sip, two exceedingly pleasant old ladies, made a tour of inspection about the hall about twelve o'clock, and ran against friends at every step. Mrs. Sip receives, in company with Mrs. Carlin, on New Year's Day.

Miss Brink, of the Lexington Avenue School, was a very graceful tripper of the light fantastic. Poet Le Clercq hovered about her constantly.

Mr. and Mrs. Haight vowed that the pantomime entertainment was alone worth the price of admission.

"Beau" Barnes never appeared to better advantage than while doing the agreeable to his fair companion, Miss Florence Jones, at the supper table.

"X" was out in full dress. He informed us in a confidential manner that it took him three hours to adjust his mack-gown.

F. M. Senior, too lazy to dance, sat tete-a-tete with Miss Wray, an intelligent graduate of the Northampton Articulation School, all the evening, and sighed when she broadly hinted that it was time to depart.

Very few hearing people were in attendance. However, Miss Rintoul, of the New York Institution, was a host in herself, and, whispered, completely fascinated young Morrow, of the National Deaf-Mute College.

By three o'clock Saturday morning, the hall was well-nigh deserted, only about twenty couples remaining.

A Sun reporter enjoyed the pantomime entertainment—that is, he laughed uproariously—but his mirth did not vent itself in his paper the following morning. Can it be that he was bribed to laugh?

Treasurer Jims estimated the receipts at \$110, and the expenditures at about \$130. This is a pretty bad showing in comparison with the unprecedented success of last year's affair. The main cause of the falling off in the attendance is attributed to the resolution of the Society prohibiting ladies, minus male escorts, from attending. Had this rule not been made, at least seventy five more ladies would have been present, and a corresponding number of gentlemen, the latter of whom no doubt foresee the probable scarcity of the gentler sex declined to participate on that account. The Committee of Arrangements, Messrs. Brynn, Campbell and Jims, did all in their power to overcome the numerous obstacles and make the affair successful, and it is owing to no fault of theirs that the results were somewhat unsatisfactory.

We hope the M. L. A. will learn wisdom from this unfavorable ending of their Third Time Levee. It never pays to go back on the fair sex. They are essential to the success of a Levee.

Dix.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in alphabetical order, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as orders by the Secretaries.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P. M., in the College Building, of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Correspond

COLUMBUS.

Holiday Week at the Ohio School.

A CHRISTMAS TREE.

Interesting Locals, and a Few Personals.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The Star of Bethlehem, in the form of a Christmas tree, shone within our Institution in its grand orchestra on the night of December twenty-fourth with a brilliancy, the vivid remembrance of which has come to stay on the mind of the children till another year shall round the circuit of seasons. Its advent had been heralded for weeks under the commotion of extensive preparations; the school was dismissed in the afternoon, and the wise men from the East (all the teachers live east of the Institution) arrived on the spot at two and thirty minutes past meridian, made inquiries by consulting the bulletin board, under which guilanes they found the chapel, bringing gifts, presents and donations to the tree. While all this was going on for hours, how the children watched for its appearance and bided their time when good cheer should fill their blessed hearts. The hour now came, the singing procession commenced filing into their seats in the chapel. The ring curtain brought into view a young girl attired in white robes, who appeared with a caroling piece which she delivered with a grace peculiarly her own. The curtain then fell but rose again, bringing in a troop of eight small children in their night gowns, each carrying a stick with a candle, and setting them down on the floor began to sing "We wait for Santa Claus, we wait for Santa Claus," after which succeeded a scene of yawning. Taking up their candle sticks they passed up to the fire place hanging up their stockings. Shortly after the last step had died away, down the chimney dropped the children's greatest man in the world, Santa Claus, who gushed forth that he had just skipped across the Atlantic Ocean, stopped in Hartford, Conn., long enough to distribute his good will, and reported Dr. Fay as well and sending his best regards, and after touching New York, New Jersey, Maryland and the two Virginias in like manner, he was now in Ohio and would treat us in a minute. Simultaneously with the rising of the curtain Santa Claus was backed with twin Christmas trees heavily and beautifully loaded down with gifts, and underneath was an immense cluster of huge piles of like things. The Ohio Institution being twice or three as large as the preceding ones, except New York, two mortal hours were consumed in the happy distribution. Good night. * * How Christmas Day, December 25th, was observed here, we will let others tell. The following is from the *Ohio State Journal* of the 26th inst.:

"The children were all astir at an early hour yesterday to talk over the pleasures in connection with the Christmas tree and the many gifts of Santa Claus. Though deaf and dumb, the four hundred pupils gave abundant evidence of their joy. They assembled for breakfast at seven, and were busy from that time till 10:30 in doing needed work and getting ready for chapel service. The services were opened with prayer, followed by a Christmas hymn, beautifully rendered in signs by Miss B. Cronk.

"The sermon was from the text: 'For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord.' A prayer followed, and the doxology was given in concert by six of the smaller girls.

"Dinner for the children was at 12:30, and the turkey, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, mince pie, grapes and oranges were partaken of with evident relish. Teachers and friends of the Institution were present to assist in carving and looking after the wants of the children.

"At 7 P.M., all assembled in the chapel and watched with great eagerness a play in pantomime, entitled, 'Too Late for the Train; or, The Tribulations of Father Tompkins,' with the following cast:

"Farmer Tompkins, P. Pratt; his wife, E. I. Scott; Messenger Boy, Louis Bacheberle; First Sharper, R. Patterson; Second Sharper and Doctor, R. P. McGregory; Apple woman, Miss A. Rodman.

"The clapping of hands showed that the play was thoroughly understood and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Father Tompkins lost his train, because he failed to set his watch by the standard time, and could not understand how it was possible to change the sun a whole half hour. During the four hours of waiting, he fell into the hands of sharpers and was twice robbed, but recovered his money in both instances. The climax to all his troubles came when the train for which he had waited so long came up. He escorted his wife to the train, who stepped aboard; Farmer Tompkins had forgotten something, and, running out to get it, was left a second time, and lost his wife.

"At the close of the play, each boy and girl, and some children of a larger growth, filed up to the stage and received a package filled with nuts,

oranges, apples, candy, raisins, figs, pop corn balls and bananas. It was a very merry Christmas for all.

"The whole entertainment was superior to former efforts in that line, from the fact that the pantomime was done in the real sign language, and the pupils, therefore understood and enjoyed."

The Clonia Society of the Institution did a graceful thing when they sent for a copy of Miss Angie Fuller's little book of poems. The "Venture" came safely, folded up in the neatest manner.

Miss Cassie Smith's mother and sister have arrived and are taking care of the invalid. It is understood that as soon as Miss S. is able, they will wrap up and take her home with them. In the opinion of the physician it may be one, two or three months before she will recover entirely.

Miss Carrie M. Feasley would not stay snowed under, so she is up about and on duty again, though not yet fully restored to health.

Mr. A. H. Schory, boarded a train Saturday noon, which bore him away to spend Christmas at a reunion of his father's family. He is back again and all right.

The mumps is making sad havoc, depleting the school and evening study rooms of a large number; but we are very happy to say there are no serious cases, and with good care their return may be speedily looked for in both places.

Ankle-dips in the splash of snow water and mud, by accident or otherwise have felled or made slow coaches of several, among them our friend, Prof. J. D. H. Stewart, who was too ill to appear on duty in the chapel on Wednesday morning.

The house fountain kept pace with the Christmas greeting by the addition of beautiful plants, two of which still bear blooming flowers.

Mr. Stewart's magnificent-looking sleigh hangs up in the barn for the present—Cause, the roads have become too bare.

In the Christmas stage play, Ed J. Scott as Mrs. Farmer Tompkins excelled himself by the uniqueness of his dress, the oddity of manner and the quaintness of his remarks and comments. P. P. Pratt, in all his parts, outdid himself in a superb manner.

Mr. McGregory, as a guardian of the public weal, faithful, never swerving a hair from his duty as he understood it, as a farm-hand, prompt and precipitating without undue haste, and as ticket agent affable and very accommodating. Mr. Patterson, as first sharper, a complete success in every way. Mr. Rufington, as physician, eccentric in dress, distinguished, kind hearted and benevolent; in the role of second sharper, high-toned looking, gentlemanly and smooth mannered.

Less prominent but still useful were little Louis Bacheberle and Miss Rodman, who filled the minor parts in good season and with happy accuracy.

J. H. Miller, of the 2nd Grammar class, left for home on Tuesday in the morning, to be present at the silver wedding of his parents, Dayton, Ohio.

Charley Davis, the notorious deaf-mute of incendiary fame appears in a new role. The *Columbus Evening Dispatch*, of the 27th inst, prints the following: "Davis, the deaf mute who has been in custody because of his attempts at arson, appeared at East Town Street candy store this afternoon with a wax face worth \$4 or \$5, which he offered to sell for five cents. This led to suspicion that he had stolen the article. He was held and the patrol wagon sent for. He had sixty six cents in pennies and nickels.

Among the holiday things brought into our view was a comical curiosity, a big Chinese baby doll manufactured at the islands of Sandwich. Poor doll, one side of his face was badly bruised.

Frank Shannon and Luther Geer, of class 1883, passed Merry Christmas at their Alma Mater. By their looks, dress and manners, they seem to keep up well with the times.

Finley Davis, who married Miss Mary O. Bear, Sept. 30th, 1883, and works in a spoke factory at Dalton, about 12 miles from Springfield, Ohio, also took in his *Alma Mater* on Xmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wakefield, of this Institution, were made the recipients of beautiful and costly presents from their niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, and the latter's mother, Mrs. Albert Wakefield, all of Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Belinda Maginnis, who spent Christmas in Zanesville, Ohio, came back Wednesday, feeling fresh and good after the holiday recess.

Master Noelp, of 4th Grammar class who was called home two months since on account of his mother's illness, will return soon, she having died.

Figuratively speaking, Mrs. Joseph Lieb has swung back into Miss Clara B. Reed of a year or so ago. We see her teaching school again. She "snbs" for Miss Mary C. Bierce over the holidays.

Mr. F. C. Sessions, our trustee, gave on Thursday, evening last, at his residence a reception in honor of the Ohio College Association, then in convention in this city. In addition to the members of the College association, there were present the Governor and many state officials, heads of state Institutions, prominent members of the bar, of the clergy, of the medical fraternity, local educators, and nearly all of the leading banking, manufacturing and business establishments of the city, making in all fully two hundred guests. Superintendent Pratt, of this Institute, and Ex-Supt W. H. DeMotte, of a sister state Institution, were among the guests there, the latter being a member of the Ohio College Association.

During his Christmas sojourn in the city, we had the pleasure of a call from Mr. Ira Crandon, formerly of

Youngstown but now of Springfield, O. He is a gentleman of good entertaining conversational powers.

Mr. Daniel M. Runk, a mute gentleman of Harrisburg, Pa., was in this city over the holidays, visiting with an old classmate of his, Miss Jennie McKee Campbell, whom he had not met twenty-four years.

Last week, on a cold starry night, one of the teachers of the Institution was wending his way home, when suddenly his feet forsook the earth and down he came heavily right upon his back. Oh, what a concussion, a sharp pain across the chest and a dull headache. There he lay upon the slippery ice under the sort-of-suppressed smile of the shining gas-lamp. No lameness or breaking of bones, we are happy to say, resulted from the mishap as far as could be ascertained.

Miss Anna M. Byers, a teacher, made her New Year's calls at Mansfield, O. Just like her, she was thoughtful enough to bring back with her some of her happy smiles for home dispensation.

L. W. Freese a June graduate of this Institution, showed up last week, coming way of South Bloomfield, O., where he had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Kingry.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Eldridge, with their two children, were the holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener, on East Main Street during the week. Mr. Eldridge was obliged to return early, leaving his family with friends, here, who were anxious to keep Mr. Eldridge with them longer. Mr. Eldridge is a business man of large means.

It is said Ike Sawhill and Himsel-pugh, once members of the celebrated Ohio Institution Base-ball club under Captain P. P. Pratt, are being inquired after with a view of securing their services in the field by other clubs of the State.

John Sorg (not Long) the Philadelphia graduate, yet sticks to his trade in the Buggy factory in this city.

Miss Frances G. Camp, teacher, entertained her friends from Newark here during the Christmas week.

Miss Hattie Hale has graduated at Oberlin, O., and now teaches music very near Youngstown, in the township of Poland.

It seems that the epidemic of mumps took hold here, as they have on hand some fifty cases.

Miss Jennie Shrom changed her visiting programme. She did not start until last Saturday.

Miss Cassie Smith was carried down in a chair to the back waiting in the front, and thence to the depot for home in the care of her mother and sister last Sunday night.

Mrs. Albert Wakefield, and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield of this Institution, have gone back home, to Buffalo, N. Y.

A large party of mutes, twenty-one in number, graced the parlor of Mr. Pier's house on Oak Street last Saturday evening. Of course a fine time was had.

Mr. Daniel Latz, of Osnaburg, O., recreated at the Institution a few hours on last Saturday afternoon. He was exhibiting a heavy gold ring confessedly valued at ten dollars, which he said he found on the floor of the car in which he was riding that day.

Miss Kate Miller, of Thompsonville, Ct., who has been the guest of Mrs. R. H. Atwood on Oak Street since November 1st, expects to return to Hinsdale, Ill., about the middle of this month.

The most prominent visitors at this Institution during Xmas week were President McLaughlin, of Hiram College, the same where the martyred President Garfield once taught, and President Cutter of the Western Reserve College, and the Hon. T. Ewing Miller of this city. President McLaughlin astonished Prof. Stewart, whom he called upon in his school room a few minutes, by using his fingers with the greatest ease. President McLaughlin has three deaf and dumb brothers in Illinois.

Dr. DeMotte, in his chapel talk to the pupils on Friday morning took for his text from I Samuel 17: 39—"I cannot go with these." His moral was: Trust in the Lord; use your own tools. King Saul would lend his armor and helmet to David, but David was afraid he might not succeed, choosing to use his own weapons—a sling and a stone. So the doctor said—do not beg or borrow; use your own tools in whatever you undertake and trust in the Lord. It was eminently a timely application, which he rendered in a very lively style.

NUMBER SIXTY-NINE.

Beverly News.

Mr. Harry White was presented with a fine book of Whittier's poems by the officers and pupils of the School as a Christmas gift. The presentation speech was made by one of the little girls, and Mr. White was very much surprised and pleased.

December 4th being Miss Nellie Sweet's birthday, the children gave her a pair of red plush picture-frames. All the pupils, with the exception of two, went to their respective homes Saturday morning, December 22d, to remain two weeks.

A wealthy lady residing in Beverly, gave \$20 to the children for Christmas. The shop fund has been increased by nearly \$100, and now amounts to \$1,400.

"Red, white and blue" was disappointed not to see Miss Sophie M. Sweet at the Gallaudet and Clerc Celebration. She was glad to see Miss Lottie Sweet and also Willie White. Mr. Amos Smith and Thomas Brown stopped here after the Celebration at Boston, and Mr. Smith expressed himself pleased with the School.

SAPPHO.

READING.

Death of George Kaiser.

PERSONAL JOTTINGS.

Christmas has come and gone, and with it also came its joys and sorrows. Sorrows! Yes, for just in the midst of our preparations for the festivities of the occasion, the Almighty thought it fit to take home one of our silent number. This was George Kaiser. He was born in Philadelphia, December 13th, 1819. Like many others in those days, he was left to grow up without any education. After many ups and downs during his early life, he came to Reading. Here he secured a situation as carpenter in the shops of the Philadelphia and Reading R. R. Co. Here he worked steadily for the last 13 years, until within a few days of his death, which occurred December 15th, of Typhoid Pneumonia. A handsome walnut casket surmounted with silver handles contained his remains, which were borne to their last resting place on the 23rd. All the local mutes and many others from distant places attended the funeral. Among them were Rev. Mr. Syle, of Philadelphia. His wife, Elizabeth Kaiser, survives him.

From personal observation we have gleaned the fact that most of the deaf mutes of this place are not well enough informed on the good and noble work done for them by the late Thomas H. Gallaudet, to fully appreciate the object of raising of a fund to erect a monument to his honor. We therefore suggest that some of these more advanced call a meeting and appoint some one give a lecture on this life and works. We will do all we can in the matter.

William Brookmire, '83, of the National Deaf-Mute College, is spending the holidays in Reading, consequently the *Actress* is happy.

Miss Dora Kintzel, of the United States Hotel, Tamaqua, is the guest of Miss Whitman.

Miss Matter, of Lykens, Pa., is with Mrs. Kaiser.

Messrs. Clem. Parlam and H. W. Hagy will leave for the wilds of Colorado or New Mexico about the middle of January. Our best wishes go with them for their future success and prosperity.

Mrs. Rose Snyder has again returned home from Illinois, to stay. Cause—homesickness.

Among those who were at the Academy of Music to see the play of Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty, again—Miss White, Kintzel and Misses Kintzel and Whitman. Of course they were unaware of the presence, in the gallery, of Messrs. Eakins, Hagy and Parlam. Moral—do your courting at home.

Humpty Dumpty is one of the funniest plays out, and one which a deaf-mute cannot fail but receive with peals of laughter.

David Rosenbaum one of our enterprising tailors, is soon to go to New York to learn the wholesale cutting trade.

John Botzum received as a Christmas present, from a friend, a twenty-four pound turkey.

Mr. Henry E. Gross is entertaining the idea of opening a whole sale clothing house next spring. If "Humpty" will not be made chief clerk, with envy, he can only wish his success.

Master Harner and another little fellow, of the Philadelphia Institution, are spending the holidays at home.

Farewell to '83. Welcome to '84. 12-31-83.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Elmira, N. Y.

On Christmas Eve, Mr. Belknap and Hattie Wright were united in marriage at the residence of Mrs. Wells, by Rev. Dr. McCarthy. Mr. Belknap is a hearing young man of good character and business qualifications. The lady is a deaf-mute, and well liked. The presents were suitable and gratefully received. After receiving the congratulations of their friends, they all sat down to a bountiful supper, after which the couple proceeded on a wedding tour to Owego. They expect to be absent about two weeks, and on their return, they will take up their residence in Elmira.

CHRS.

Mr. Edward Clapp is visiting his relatives in Owego. His wife is in Deposit visiting.

F. H. King is on a visit here, and will start for New York and Worcester, Mass., on a two weeks' visit to his uncle, Col. Jos. R. Knox.

William Walker is enjoying a short vacation. Willie Skidmore, of the New York Western Institution, ditto.

FREDDY.

Service for Deaf-mutes Sunday, January 6th, 1883.

St. Ann's Church, New York 245 P.M. Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston 12 M. (Holy Communion) and three P.M.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet will hold a combined service for the benefit of Deaf-mutes at St. Peter's Church, Beverly, Mass., on January 6th next, at 7 o'clock. Deaf-mutes residing in the vicinity are invited to be present.

BADGER TRACKS.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.

Good old Santa Claus has been here, and has gone again, leaving behind him a multitude of happy children. Every one was remembered by him.

Ali Monday afternoon agents of the old gentleman were carrying on a mysterious work in the chapel. When evening came, and the children went in, they found on the platform a cosy little house, flanked by two large evergreen trees. It was a beautiful sight. When all were seated, the Supper-tendent gave a rap upon the door of the house to wake up Santa Claus. Pretty soon his head appeared at the top of the chimney, from which lofty position he surveyed the audience. Then descending he made his appearance at the door.

Then began the distribution of the presents. From the inside of that little house, boxes and bundles of all shapes and sizes appeared in what seemed boundless profusion. Santa Claus had to call several assistants to help him in the distribution. It took an hour to empty the house. Then bags of pop corn, peanuts, and candy were distributed, and the merry assemblage was dismissed to examine the presents.

Christmas day dawned bright and pleasant. Each one amused himself or herself as he or she pleased. Coasting and skating were both patronized, though neither was of much account. The Christmas dinner was a bountiful one, and formed no unimportant part of the day's enjoyments. In the evening there was a party in the chapel, and two hours were happily spent in dancing, playing games, and in conversation. At nine o'clock all dispersed, and Christmas of 1883 was over.

Editor Stickles became the proud owner of a large woolly monkey mounted on a long stick.

The members of the High Class, four in number, each received a beautiful Bible with his name stamped in letters of gold on the cover. The Superintendent was the donor. They returned the compliment by presenting him with a large book entitled "The Bible Gallery," illustrated by Gustave Dore.

"Como" received a bag of popcorn, peanuts, and candy, as his share of Santa Claus's store.

One of the High Class boys found a large doll in his box from home, and was considerably embarrassed by the comments of his comrades. The doll was for his sister.

Louis Bushnell, of Jefferson, Wis., a former pupil, spent Christmas with us. He says he had a very pleasant time. He is going to Chicago to attend the levee of the Mute Circle.

Three members of the corps of teachers will be absent for a few days each. Miss Hunter will be absent a week. Her class will be taught by Miss Ritscher, of Beloit. Miss Waite, our drawing teacher, will spend a few days at her home in Milwaukee. Mr. Smith has gone to his home in Minnesota. Mr. Schilling takes his class.

The Santa Claus illustration in last week's issue of *The Times*, was very much enjoyed by all.

Last Friday afternoon, Mr. Fiske, the Supervisor, with an army of boys, equipped with shovels, and with a cavalry force of two horses hitched to a large snow-plough, was occupied in clearing the snow off the pond at the foot of the hill. They labored all the P.M., and Saturday forenoon, and cleared a large space. But at noon it began to snow, and so we lost nearly all the benefits of the labor. Better luck next time!

In our last letter we said that two of the teachers contemplated rabbit-hunting. Last Saturday morning, Mr. Clippinger remarked to Mr. Smith that it was a good day for rabbits. They agreed to go out hunting, and did so. They spent nearly the whole day in the woods. Rabbits were seen without number, but somehow or other they were shy, and would not give a fellow a chance to shoot them. Our hunters returned toward evening, cold, hungry, and footsore, with only two quirels to show as the result of their hunt. In truth it was a good day for rabbits, although exceedingly bad for the hunters.

Superintendent Swiler attended the State Teacher's Association at Madison, the 26th and 27th insts. He read a paper before the meeting, discussing the question of articulation for the deaf.

Santa Claus did not forget John Strickland, our embryo cow-boy, from Montana.

"Como" had a rough experience a few days ago. He was assailed by an army of the girls with snow-balls, and although he fought valiantly, he finally had to beat a retreat, consoling himself with the thought that "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day."

COMO.

DELAVAN, Dec. 27, 1883.

Wedding Bells.

George A. McWilliams, of Fall River, Mass., and Miss Caledonia B. Rivers, of Thomaston, Maine, were married Tuesday evening, 18th ult. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. A. Philbrook, who repeated the service, which was translated to the parties in sign language by Mrs. Crockett. Albert O. Bowler and wife acted as groomsmen and bridesmaid. The bride received man presents from relatives and friends. Among the presents was a handsome silver pickle dish presented to the bride by her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Bowler, of Rockland, Maine. The happy couple went on a wedding tour to Boston and other places. They arrived home at Fall River, Wednesday, Dec. 26th, where they will reside.

Chrissie R. Walker.

Chrissie R. Walker, the only child of Prof. John P. and Annie N. Walker, died on the 28th of December, of Scarlet fever, after a lingering illness, aged eight years and three months. His funeral took place on the following Monday morning at 10 o'clock, from the residence of his grandfather Christopher F. Rockfellow, No. 833 North 7th St., interment being made at Mount Vernon Cemetery.

The many friends and admirers of Prof. Walker, will doubtless be grieved to hear of the shadow of gloom now cast upon the once happy family. It will be remembered that Prof. Walker had been engaged as Master of Ceremonies at our late Levee, but, owing to the dangerous condition of his son, his death being almost momentarily expected, he was prevented from fulfilling his engagement, much to our regret.

Chrissie was a bright, pretty, darling boy, to whom the parents were devotedly attached, and his loss to them is more than wealth can repay. He attended our Apron and Neck-tie Festival on Thanksgiving evening, where many mutes had the pleasure of seeing him; but he is more especially known to the pupils of Prof. Walker. During the eight years of his life, he frequently accompanied his father to school. He had a great love for reading, and to this may be attributed that important trait of character—economy—which he possessed to a great degree, considering his youthful age. He loved school, was gentle and kind, intelligent, and, unlike many boys, respected his parents and tried to act decently at all times. These and the many other good qualities which characterized the innocent little life, but which only his parents and relatives know, are worthy of our respect, and they set a good example to the young. He was a very promising boy, and who but God knew that he would say farewell to earth at such an early day!

Chrissie was taken ill less than four weeks ago; his condition gradually grew worse, and he is said to have suffered intensely the latter hours of his life, until finally the all-merciful God relieved him of his sufferings. On the morning of the 28th inst. about six o'clock, he fell asleep in Jesus, in whose bosom he now rests with eternal joy. Thus ended the short but useful life of our dear little friend, Chrissie R. Walker, and we all unite in expressing our sincere sympathy to the sorrow-stricken family in this sad hour of their bereavement.

JAMES L. REIDER.

Dec. 31, 1883.

The Guild of Silent Workers.

The Guild of Silent Workers proposes to give a New England Party, January 15th, commencing at 8 o'clock P.M. in the basement of St. Ann's Church. The price of a ticket, which covers refreshments, has been fixed at thirty cents. The Guild appeals to all the Mutes in the city and vicinity to come to the entertainment. All can afford thirty. The price is very low and they will get their money's worth. The funds raised by this means will be turned into the Treasury of the Guild and used to aid needy mutes. So all who attend will not only have a good time themselves, but also have the comforting reflection that they set also aiding some needy mutes. The Guild has done good already, but not half as much as it will do when it is older and richer. It takes times to build up a society of this kind, and money too.

So, come one, come all, and help us. Yours Respectfully,

WM. O. FITZGERALD.

Chairman of Entertainment Com.

New York, Dec. 31, 1883.

NOTICE.

All members of the Brooklyn Literary Association are hereby notified to attend a meeting, to be held at American Hall, Grand St. bet. 4th and 5th Streets, Williamsburg, on the evening of Jan. 8th, at eight o'clock sharp. All other mutes and their friends, living in this city and the near vicinity, are invited to be present and become members.

GEO. L. REYNOLDS,

Sec'y pro tem.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 28, 1883.

St. Ann's Deaf-Mute Bible Class Building Fund for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

BULLETIN NO. 8.

Dec. 1. Cochran children,	\$2 10
" 5. Christian Krebs, Geneva,	2 80
" 10. C. Harp,	3 80
" 13. Geo. W. Bailey,	2 00
" 16. Geo. L. Reynolds (donation),	1 00
" 17. S. P. Carmichael,	2 00
Fred L. Pease,	60
William Thompson,	2 20
" 20. Miss Isabella Lehigh, Newburgh, 10 00	
" 24. S. A. Fisher, Scipio, N. Y.,	2 00
" 26. M. F. Tuttle, Geneva, N. Y.,	8 35
N. Denton, Geneva, N. Y.,	6 30

The fund now amounts to five hundred dollars and twenty-five cents.

I would be much obliged to those sending checks, post office orders, etc., if they would make them out in my name and send them to me direct, instead of sending them to Dr. Gallaudet. By sending them to me, the mutes would save Dr. Gallaudet a great deal of trouble. If the senders desire a receipt and would say so, I will send them one, otherwise I will acknowledge the receipt of the money through the papers.

CLEMENT R. THOMSON.

22 East 21 St., N. Y. CITY.

Secretary and Treasurer St. Ann's Deaf-Mute Bible Class Building Fund.

Death of Salmon Crossett.

The deaf-mutes of New-England will be pained to learn of the almost sudden death of their friend, Mr. Salmon Crossett, on the 25th inst.

He had only been ill for a short time, having taken cold which brought on pneumonia. The disease was mild in its first attack, but in the latter stage it was obstinate. Mr. Crossett bore his illness without a murmur, looking up to heaven for strength, beholding the Saviour with eyes undimmed and soul serene. He was conscious up to the time of his death, recognizing those who called on him, but his strength gave way so that he could not say much. Three hearing teachers kindly volunteered their services for the night, sitting up with Mr. Crossett's sister. At midnight he took a swallow of beef tea, and soon after this he passed away. Christmas had but just dawned when Mr. Crossett bade farewell to all on earth and his soul was wafted on high there to enjoy an everlasting Christmas.

The remains of Mr. Crossett were encased in a neat casket, covered with black broadcloth with crocheted covered handles, having very little show of silver.

The services occurred at 2 o'clock P.M., on the 27th, in the chapel of the American Asylum. The room was decorated with wreaths of evergreen, the flowers, voluntary offerings of the pupils themselves, rested on the desk over the casket, and on the lid were a laurel wreath and a bunch of golden wheat. On the silver plate that adorned the lid was engraved: "Salmon Crossett, aged 60 years."

There were a large number of hearing people present, many of them members of the church to which he belonged, and also five sisters of the deceased. The service was conducted by Rev. Prof. Lowell Pratt and Rev. J. H. Twichell. Principal Williams spoke of the past character, the humility and Christian worth of the deceased. The service was altogether very affecting.

The teachers and a graduate of the American Asylum acted as pall bearers. The remains were interred in the American Asylum lot in Spring Grove Cemetery, for that was the wish of Mr. Crossett, he being so much attached to the American Asylum that he could not part from it.

By the death of Mr. Crossett, the American Asylum loses a valuable officer, the teachers a faithful friend, and the pupils one from whom they received much good advice and faithful care.

The Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

Up to the last day of the month at four subscriptions to the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund thus added have been entered in the book. Totals, are as follows:

W. A. Bond,	\$1 00
Wm. H. Weeks,	1 00
C. K. W. Strong and wife,	2 00
Daniel Shea,	25
	\$4 25

This amount is in the Savings Bank.

WM. H. WEEKS,

Treasurer.

MacKay Institution.

This Institution has lately suffered a severe loss in the death of its noble Patroness, Miss MacKay Gordon. Although this estimable lady had for some time been in a precarious state of health, her demise was quite unexpected, indeed preparations for her approaching marriage were being made at the time. Her last kind action was to prepare presents for each child in the Institute, which were to be placed on the Christmas Tree.

But before the festive season had arrived she had been called to her Heavenly Home. Her niece, Miss MacDonald, persisted in carrying out her late Aunt's kind intentions; and on the eve of the pupils departure for the holidays they were gladdened with the sight of a brilliantly lighted Christmas Tree loaded with costly presents. The boys were made happy with toboggans, snow shoes, sleds, etc., the girls with card cases, work baskets, vases, dolls and dolls' tea sets of Britannia metal and china. They also received boxes of candy, oranges and other sweets.

The same evening a series of Tableaux were presented, gotten up by Miss Terrill, another teacher, who in their untiring efforts to make the evening a pleasant one, succeeded beyond a doubt. After the entertainment, the Matron, Mrs. Clarke, brought on coffee and cake, and the pupils then retired satisfied with all the good things they had received.

MONTREAL, Dec. 27, '83.

Deaf Mute Service.

The evening services at All Saints' Memorial Church last evening were conducted in the sign-language of the deaf-mutes by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. The deaf-mutes occupied seats reserved for them in the centre of the church. The rest of the congregation were interested but reverential participants in the impressive scene. After the service, Dr. Gallaudet addressed the congregation in regard to the church mission to deaf-mutes. He explained the method of teaching, and gave an interesting account of the progress of the education of deaf-mutes, and appealed to religious people for aid and sympathy in the noble work of elevating those unfortunate people by moral and intellectual training. Fourteen mutes attended.—*Providence Star*, Dec. 24.

Lecture.

On the 10th of January, 1884, Mr. S. M. Brown will give a lecture before the "M. L. A." His subject is not yet known, but will be given on the day, or sometime before it. S. CROCKETT.

